Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, DECEMBER 31, 1914 Number 18

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And I shall hear my bluebird's note,
And dream the dream of Auburn dell."

—*Emerson.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXIV. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1914. Number 18

Unity Wishes Its Readers A Happy New Year and Asks Them to Join With It in Promoting the Old Causes With New Energies!

BEFORE THE REVELATION.

"St. Louis is getting ready for its Exposition. But it is only April. All over the Exposition Grounds are most tempting suggestions of beauty to come: headless horses, human torsos awaiting the arms and legs that are in the shop, wings ready for bodies not yet arrived, and figures ready to be grouped."—J. Ll. J. in *Unity*, April, 1904.

Headless horses, human torsos,
  Waiting arms, and legs-to-be,
Wings detached and groups dissevered,
  Chaos, welter, anarchy:
Yet each shard a shred of beauty;
  Yet each curve a sweep of grace,
Wings that hint the coming angel,
  Arms that prophesy the face.

In a way and at the moment
  All predestined they shall meet,
Mated, wedded, in the glory
  Of the Master's thought complete:
Every limb achieve its gesture,
  Every torso finds its whole,
Every cluster act its drama
  In some rapture of the Soul.

As I look, the vision widens:
  Vanishes the City fair,—
Round lie History's vast horizons,
  Strewn with wreckage and despair;
Here the limb, and there the torso,
  Severed wings and hands and feet.
Ruin? Nay, but coming glory,
  Glory of the Man Complete!

Man the Gardener,—Man the Builder,—
  Man the Singer of the Song,—
Man the Thinker,—Man the Brother,—
  Man the Righter of the Wrong!
Onward, upward, through the ages
  Shaping Nature to his plan,
Lo, the Master's thought emerging,—
  Lo, the Son of God in Man!

—W. C. G.

Temple Emanu-El of New York has been holding an annual service for the Jewish policemen. Another meeting has been held to organize "the Jewish Student Religious Union," a movement intended to parallel the Y. M. C. A. movement. All this is evidence of vitality.

Of course Dr. Stephen S. Weiss would give an emphatic "No!" to the question, "Must we have a larger army and navy?" In a public address he urged the duty of the clergy and teachers to counteract the malign influence of those who further the imperialistic tendencies by the manufacture of arms, gunpowder, etc.

Those jealous for the good fame of Germany, defenders of its fair fame in the fields of science, philanthropy and letters may well insist as they do that Nietzsche, Treitschke and Bernhardi are no adequate representatives of either its philosophy, statesmanship or its prophets.

Will the Democratic party take into its heart and platform in 1916 the three great imperative interests: Woman suffrage, anti-liquor legislation and a cessation of this wasting of money in battleships and misdirection of the ideals of young men on martial lines? If not, is the Republican party ready for this? If it refuses, then let the scepter be passed to that third and new thing that will dare for these three high causes. Dominion belongs here.

Life, that often hides a deep seriousness beneath its mask of levity, admits that the road to religious unity so long talked of is, like that to Tipperary, "a long, long one," but it remembers that the time for "rebuilding is after an earthquake," and the "reconstruction that will follow is likely to be proportionate to the destruction." It urges that "people so desperately shaken may look for a recurrence of like disasters, if they do not provide readjustments and conciliations." If, as the militant Bishop of London says, this is "the great day of the Lord," this exchange suggests that "A lot of things may be coming on the ticker tape besides the fluctuation in the price of stocks."

The Christian Commonwealth of London, which holds hard to its peace ideals and struggles for the impartiality which becomes religion and philosophy, publishes an interview with John A. Hobson, the English lecturer and political economist, perhaps the most credited interpreter of John Ruskin, who while not abandoning the idea of nationalism sees the imperative need of internationalism. He says:

If we are going to be left with competing armaments and the recurring fear of war, neither the political nor the financial

resources of any western country will permit such steps as are needed for the real advance of the working classes. If after this war our country is bound to introduce conscription and to absorb a higher and higher proportion of its resources of thought, as well as money, for military purposes, the Government of the country will remain in the hands of the powerful, permanent bureaucracy which has proved itself hostile to all the aspirations of popular self-government. The actual resources of this country available for social reform will be cut down to the barest minimum; and all the hopes of social progress, of a steady rise in wages, an increase of leisure, and the improvement of education for the people will be subordinated to the alleged interests of high statecraft.

At last a movement for something very good for the municipality of Chicago has been set agoing by the preachers of Chicago if the newspaper notice of the same is to be credited. It is the erection of a great open-air meeting place in Grant Park. "A grass-covered bowl-shaped stadium, surrounded by shrubbery and with a band shell at one end" is the description. If credit for the initiation of this particular agitation is due to the Rev. E. A. Bell of the Mid-Night Mission it will be one more evidence of the clear vision of this good, self-denying man who is carrying on a work obscure and pathetically thankless so far as public sentiment is concerned. For thirty years and more UNITY has been urging the multiplication of municipal assembly places. Chicago is a city absolutely without a capital building; there is no place where its citizens can meet for the most benignant purposes or the most urgent patriotic causes, except in private halls controlled by private capital, the doors of which can be opened only with a golden key. Even its great hospitable parks, of which the city is justly proud, are not available for the highest social functions where men and women may gather together to be instructed or inspired as the case may be by their fellow-men. The "Field Houses" in the so-called "small parks" are indeed erected for neighborly uses, but the limit of their auditoriums is a matter of two or three hundred at best, while the great Lincoln, Washington, Jackson, Douglas and other parks are valiantly protected from public teachers, and what is more pathetic, the public that would be taught. Let Grant Park have this stadium, not only its place for the ten thousand, but its smaller "bowls surrounded by shrubbery," where any question and any group of listeners will be hospitably welcomed, subject only to the limitations of fair rotation, good breeding and good order. When these open-air places are realized and their beneficent value proved, then the city of Chicago will spend countless millions in recovering control of lands that it has almost given away for the erection of that nest of municipal halls that will furnish accommodations reaching from committee rooms that will be filled by twenty-five up to its auditorium, greater, larger and finer than anything yet created by private corporations and capital in quest of dividends. The limits of this larger hall should be fixed only by the outermost reach of the human voice, protected and conserved by the most efficient art yet reached by architects. The parks at best are accessible only during the short summer months. Let Chicago give us winter park accommodations.

In statuary Hall at Washington, where each state has enthroned its two most famous citizens according to the estimate of its legislature, there appears the figure of but one woman. Illinois has done itself the great credit of installing in that masculine presence the benignant effigy of Frances Willard, and history will vindicate the judgment of the state. She remains there by right of love's leadership. She is a queen among her peers. How small and unimportant does she unwittingly render the too many men in that group, be-striped and be-buttoned wearers of the sword. The closing days of the year threaten a humiliation to Chicago and a disgrace to the nation. No finer ideality, no sweeter personality, no greater cause was ever written in the history of Chicago than those not unworthily typified in the noble "Woman's Temple," the lines of which were shaped by the artistic hands of Architect Root. It has been a long and brave battle, led by that valiant section of the woman army whose claim to respect and fame has been obscured but not obliterated by the smarter, less profound and oftentimes less altruistic "woman's club movement" in its many ramifications. But at last the battle seems to be lost, the final mortgage for want of a petty hundred thousand dollars has been foreclosed and the end of the time of redemption is near at hand. This foreclosure has been perpetrated by the trustees of the Field Museum. Marshall Field, the close-fisted merchant, the man who gave but little and that grudgingly, who, dying, tried to take his estate along with him, or at least to hold it aloof, a thing apart for the benefit of his own helpless little grandchildren, has at last gathered to his own the visible representation of Frances Willard's benign work, and from present appearances, Chicago will consent to the razing to the ground of that gracious monument to the foremost American woman of her day, judged by the lengthened shadow she cast. The name of Marshall Field may find a little more glorious monument in the "Field Museum" for this foreclosure. This Museum began in a bargain-counter purchase of the left-over stock of the World's Fair exhibits, securing for a trifle treasures that cost many fortunes and many lives in the gathering. These contributors and contributions far outreached the great Marshall Field estate. In recognition of this fact the name was originally fixed as the "Field *Columbian* Museum," but the word "Columbian" was omitted for the greater glory of the "founder." The bargain maker further stipulated that this gift was dependent upon the city's furnishing free

ground. Hence the long battle for a site at Grant Park on the lake shore, inaccessible as it was to most of the city, and when the available zone is struck by a circle of which the Museum will be a center, one-half the territory will be inhabited by fishes who have no particular interest in museums. Montgomery Ward in his protest was right and the better judgment of Chicago and the world knew he was right, but *"the Field bequest must not be lost!"* Now the promised building can afford a few more artistic gargoyles or the light that will fall upon the Museum treasures may be strained through a little more artistic glass because the benignant Frances Willard dared believe in Chicago and the great West. In her great faith in humanity, her great service to her weaker brothers and sisters, backed by a great multitude of devoted women, she trusted too much to the generosity and public spirit of her age. The great spiritual and physical bequest must be given over to the "bond" and the bondholder has exacted his rights as "nominated" therein. But the name of Frances Willard still outshines that of the great merchant prince of Chicago. This maiden, mother of a movement that began as a praying band in Ohio saloons, which kept growing with the growing needs and the expanding experiences of her day, needs no Chicago temple to perpetuate her memory. But alas for Chicago, if it persists in forgetting its prophets!

The Great Triumph

Over against the "Great Failure" of the year, the uncalled-for, unjustifiable, inexplicable wars, the responsibility for which no nation is willing to shoulder, and the only excuse offered by any power being the aggressive nature of the Other Power which the "Other Power" stoutly denies, should, in justice to civilization, be set the great unparalleled triumph of the year 1914. We refer to the clearing of men's minds as if by magic concerning the alcoholic problem. The sudden sweeping prohibition enactment in Russia is not the most surprising temperance event of the year. Russia is subject to explosive reforms; its autocratic government makes such things possible. With the stroke of a pen it accomplished what it took five years of bloody war to achieve in the United States, the manumition of its slaves. And when it dawned upon the intelligence of the Czar that he presided over the destinies of a drunken empire, that its citizens were living in a state of perpetual debauch, that its vital energies were being sapped by the maddening vodka, it was short work for him to put an end to it and to suddenly discover his empire, 'spite of the terrible drainage of war, growing prosperous, homes becoming peaceful and wives, whose faces were so long drenched with tears and distorted by fears, smiling and their steps becoming buoyant.

Neither is it very surprising that gin-debauched England, when suddenly called upon to send a mighty army into the field, should be compelled to discover the rotten link in its national chain, the enemy more subtle than any German army, the menace to soul and body of its soldiery, valiant to meet the bayonet charge, but helpless in the presence of a gin toddy, whiskey punch or in whatever form the fell enemy Alcohol may be compounded most to the liking of England's Tommy Atkins and her guileless recruits drawn largely from the sheltered peasant homes in rural districts. It was a matter of course that London, confronted by this increased revelation of the demoralizing power of the tippling houses, should promptly proceed to reduce their number, to shorten their hours and in every way consistent with the conservatism of Johnny Bull shield its youthful soldiery from the assault more dangerous and deadly than any charge possible on battlefields.

The greatest surprise of the year along these lines was the astounding "dry" vote in the House of Representatives. The forcing of the resolution to a vote was an unparalleled and unexpected success. Well might it bring confusion and consternation to the representatives, many of whom won their position only after a hard fight and on a slim majority. Never since the ante-bellum days, the days of "Mason and Dixon" lines, "squatter sovereignties," and "Missouri Compromises," were Congressmen who keep their weather eyes on their constituencies so perplexed as to how to vote.

But they did vote. The House of Representatives as a whole recognized the inevitable crisis, realized that it was no time to run away; that the issue was up; that the battle was on; that the problem must be faced, soon or late, and it had better be faced now rather than later along.

Quite as significant and surprising was the argument urged by the "Wet" voters. There was little said about "personal liberty" and the "rights of individuals to debauch themselves," little offered in extenuation for the traffic, no emphasis was placed on the "social value" of the saloon or the medicinal and food values of the liquid refreshments served over the bar. The chief arguments urged were constitutional arguments. Here the old nervousness for "state rights" appeared and the most comforting and effective arguments urged by those who opposed the resolution were drawn from the quasi-endorsement of Secretary Bryan and President Wilson to the idea that it ought not yet become a "national issue." Many of those who opposed the resolution stoutly declared their sympathy with the Temperance Movement, or at least disclaimed any individual fealty to King Gambrinus. Even the leaders of the Republican party,

that came into being to fight the goblin of "State Rights," were glad in this extremity to take their stand with the most ardent defender of the "Before-the-War" doctrine of state supremacy, notwithstanding the fact that the intimacy between the states is much greater now than that which existed between the remote counties of Virginia when the constitution was adopted. Virginia is today tied to California by a thousand interests and rights, commercially, socially, intellectually and morally, that did not exist between Norfolk and Hancock counties in that state a hundred years ago.

The line of argument pursued on the floors of the House would indicate that the main contentions of the Temperance Movement are already conceded. The verdict of physiological and sociological science, growing clearer every day, is practically admitted, namely: That alcohol is first, last and all the time an intruder in the physical body, a disturber of brain, the citadel of mind, that it has no part or parcel to play in the physical economy of a normal body, and that it is as great a disturber in the home and in the body politic where its grim demoralizations are more easily studied. The economic argument much flaunted in some quarters as the "business man's standpoint" is becoming in many places the clinching argument against the saloon. The masters of industry are finding that efficiency is always lowered, and precision and accuracy of execution is always menaced by even the one glass of the man who "knows when to quit!"

The astounding thing of the year, perhaps more significant than the horrible war itself, is the triumph of the House of Representatives in the United States of America in the interest of nation-wide prohibition.

The war, we have reason to hope, is the last spectacular spasm of a dying militancy. Never again can the subtle fallacies of those who hope to bring in the Kingdom of Peace by exhausting the resources of nations in preparations for war find such an endorsement by an unsuspecting people. It never again can acquire its fatuous sway over civilization. The war is the closing act in the drama of the old régime that is passing. The vote in the House of Representatives of the United States is a curtain lifter on the great pacific war for sobriety that is to come. Science, morality, the economies, the home, the well-being and the rights of women and children are now to have their opportunity. They are going to marshal their forces, not on the battle- but on the ballot-fields of the world. Never again will the lower house of Congress muster so large a vote against the direct issue.

Wendell Phillips said that the American people never become intelligent on any great issue until it was put on the stump. The Temperance Question has at last been fairly injected into American politics and nothing can take it out. The attitude on this question of every candidate asking the suffrage of the American people, from the Town Supervisor to the President of the United States, will be closely scrutinized. No power on earth can keep it out of the platforms of 1916, written or unwritten. The old parties will have to declare themselves. No convention strategy can save the Republican or Democratic parties from declaring themselves. The handwriting is on the wall, and even so astute a student of the available and "practical" in American politics as the Chicago *Tribune* has recently declared that a nation-wide prohibition may be reached before ten years hence. Let not the great failures of the year gone blind us to its astounding triumphs.

THE PEACE PACT.

They were foes as they fell in that frontier fight,
They were friends as they lay with their wounds unbound,
Waiting the dawn of their last morning light.
It was silence, all save a shuddering sound
From the souls of the dying that rose around;
And the heart of the one to the other cried,
As closer they drew, and their arms enwound,
"There will be no war on the Other Side."

As the souls of the dying mounted high
It seemed they could hear the long farewell!
Then together they spake, and they questioned why—
Since they hated not—why this evil befell?
And neither the Frank nor the German could tell
Wherefore themselves and their countrymen died.
But they said that Hereafter in peace they should dwell—
"There will be no war on the Other Side."

As they languished there on the field acurst,
With their wounds unbound, in their mortal pain,
Spake one to the other, "I faint from thirst!"
And the other made answer, "What drops remain
In my water flask thou shalt surely drain!"
As he lifted the flask the other replied,
"I pledge thee in this till we meet again—
There will be no war on the Other Side."

And it came to pass as the night wore deep
That fever through all their veins was fanned,
So that visions were theirs (yet not from sleep),
And each was flown to his own loved land. . . .
But, rousing again, one murmured, "Thy hand!
Thou art my brother—naught shall divide;
Something went wrong . . . but understand,
There will be no war on the Other Side."

ENVOI.

Comrades of peace, we can give but our tears
As we look on the waste of the human tide . . .
Yet forever one cry so haunts my ears—
"There will be no war on the Other Side!"

New York Times. *Edith M. Thomas.*

A seventh grade boy encountered the following sentence in his grammar examination: "The horse and the cow is in the field." He was told to correct it and to give his reason for the correction. This is what he wrote: "The cow and horse is in the field. Ladies should always come first."

—*January Woman's Home Companion.*

THE PULPIT

1914
An Annual Review

A Sermon Preached at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

December 27th, 1914.

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ANNIE L. KELLY.

Prayer.

Father, convert our Christmas joys into New Year's courage; help us to translate greetings into perpetual diligence; help us to save ourselves from the debility of hypocrisy by translating our words into deeds, by practicing the love we profess, by tireless efforts to bring Thy Kingdom in our own hearts, in our own homes, in the city of our adoption, in this land in which we rejoice, and in the great, round world, our larger home, that we may become members of that unbroken brotherhood that is to be. Amen.

SERMON.

Mile-posts are monotonous, particularly when counted through the windows of a trans-continental flyer, but the miles between the posts are never the same and monotony here is a failure of the mind, not a poverty of the landscape.

So when I come to my thirty-second Annual Review from one pulpit and to the same congregation, and the forty-third Annual Review in my professional career, I am haunted with a sense of monotony that may become tiresome to the student of the milestones but never a monotony to the student of the miles. Every year is a fresh born child of the fertile mother nature, the last born of the father, in truth and in deed "the flower of the family," the sweetest and rarest of the children of time. This I must predicate out of my faith in the power that worketh ever and worketh hitherto, and my faith is justified by what I know of the methods of the universe. It is re-enforced by the facts even in this black year, the most gruesome in the calendar of modern civilization, this luckless child of haste, impatience, envy, faithlessness, cradled in the wicked arms of that horrible deep-sea monster we call War.

If we could study the near landscape of 1914 as if from "afar we took our point of view," even 1914 would prove to be a hopeful child whose children in due course will rise up to call her blessed.

Be that as it may, let us uncover and bow our heads as we reverentially note the passing of

> "The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet
> Who walk with us no more."

they who have made

> "More homelike the vast Unknown
> Since they have entered there."

May I cull a few names from the long procession as they pass.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, poet, novelist, scientist, physician of rare skill, one who was permitted to reach pre-eminence in his double ministry of ameliorating the ills of the flesh and ministering to minds diseased. In the ripeness of his eighty-five years he ceased his creative work only as the curtain fell.

Edwin Ginn, school-book maker, friend and mentor of school teachers. Out of the profits of a diligent business he amassed a fortune, one million dollars of which he left to the "World's Peace Foundation," the proceeds of which are to be used in carrying on the work to which he gave so many years of his own life, and he though dead yet speaketh with the voices of Edwin D. Mead, David Starr Jordan and many others, their voices finding still further extension in the printed page made possible by this publisher who survived his seventy-six years of mortal time.

Frank Avery Hutchins, the father of the State Traveling Library, which was started in Wisconsin and which has spread throughout the nation, one branch of which specialized into the Legislative Reference Library, which under the care of Charles McCarthy is at the head of a world-wide movement. Of Mr. Hutchins the *Review of Reviews* for March says: "He never held other than a subordinate office in the State government. For a quarter of a century the salary received has always been pitifully meager. During much of that time the State has paid only his expenses, and yet his death, which occurred on January 25th, called forth remarkable tributes in the newspapers, and it is everywhere recognized that the example of such a life is of incalculable value to any community. Such men make public office not merely public trust throughout, but an opportunity and disinterested public service. This is the best thing about what is known as the 'Wisconsin idea'." Mr. Hutchins died at sixty-two, but he lived long enough to modify if not revolutionize the life of his generation in many ways.

Alphonse Bertillon, the French discoverer of that unfailing system of identification by minute measurements, thumb marks, etc.

Joseph Fels, a successful man of business who in middle life came to a great conviction which led him to concentrate the energies that made him a successful business man and the dollars that resulted from such business to the Single Tax cause, which to him became an evangel, and of which he became clearly the foremost American apostle. He died at sixty-one.

Mrs. Frances Squire Potter left the enviable position of Professor of English Literature in the University of Minnesota to champion the cause of Woman, and right nobly did she combine the graces of a scholar with those of a reformer. In her culture made common cause with prophesy.

At seventy-five Frederick Weyerhauser died. He, who managed to secure a title to many, many thousand acres of valuable timber land in the Northwest, was perhaps as surprised as the nation was to find himself suddenly listed as the richest of all the rich lumber kings. A backwoodsman finding himself a multi-millionaire, perplexed he must have been in mind and conscience how to rightly administer the large amount of unearned increment of such a fortune, a fortune thrust upon him by the developments of a century and a continent.

Cy. Warman, the poet of the locomotive, the one who put the trans-continental train into rhyme, the story writer of the Canadians, died in his fifty-eighth year.

Five less years of life were given to the Scotch novelist, Samuel Crockett.

Dr. Henson, for many years our neighbor, pastor of the First Baptist Church, the humorist of the pulpit, the Mark Twain of the Baptist denomination, died in the eighty-second year of his life.

JACOB RIIS, who in the story of his own life demonstrated the processes to be followed in "making an American" more effectively even than in his tireless appeal from platform and through press that the one-half of the world should know how the other half lives.

GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, Commander of the Third Army Corps, hero of Gettysburg, died at ninety.

MADAME NORDICA, queen of the stage, whose voice thrilled the thousands, died at fifty-five.

FRANCIS KOSSUTH died at seventy-three, honored as a Hungarian patriot, the son of a father who lived an exile from his native land for forty years, whose bones were allowed to return and to be buried in native earth only on condition that the funeral train should be unhearalded, no military honors being permitted, but Hungarian youths walked a hundred miles to lay wreaths upon his coffin.

Perhaps I should give a moment to mention the name of PAUL MAUSER before he passes into the oblivion that belongs to the makers and wielders of the instruments of death. He perfected the improved rifle, a luckless triumph of inventive genius. His name like his gun is destined to be forgotten.

The summer month of June, the month of roses, was a fitting time for the closing of the benignant service of WILLIAM M. R. FRENCH, not only the director but the maker of our own Art Institute and its great Art School. The Art Institute will always perpetuate his contribution to art, but his services as President of the Central Howard Association, whose mission it is to extend the helping hand to the most hopeless and helpless of our fellow-beings—those who pass out of prison gates—will be remembered only in the grateful hearts of these unfortunates and those dependent upon them. Notable as is his contribution to art, less notable but none the less worthy was his glorification of the functions of a citizen in this city of his adoption.

ADLAI STEVENSON, Vice-President and Governor, died in the same month.

Blessed is peace! Let us be grateful for the Providence that closed the eyes of BARONESS VON SUTTNER before the last heart-breaking agony came. She was the Harriet Beecher Stowe of the Peace Movement. Her prophetic heart foresaw the calamity which she worked so hard and so well to avert.

SIR JOSEPH TENNIEL, for many years the great cartoonist of the London *Punch*, was a moralist with a brush, a forerunner of our own John McCutcheon. He lived on into his ninety-fourth year, and there is pathetic significance in the fact that his last cartoon, published as a New Year cartoon, for January 1, 1901, showed Father Time bearing the young infant, the New Year, in his arms, holding up a warning hand to the dashing God of War in full panoply tearing down in his war chariot, while the Angel of Peace impressively stands by, joining in the petition of Father Time.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, the great English statesman, closed his seventy-eighth year.

Our own CHARLES HENROTIN, first President of the Chicago Stock Exchange, the representative in Chicago of the Constantinople government and in a way the Mohammedan world, closed his career this year.

The narrow but pure, the good but timid POPE PIUS THE NINTH, on the threshold of his eightieth year, died of a broken heart because his children hated and slew one another.

RICHARD W. SEARS in the short life of fifty years helped to originate new avenues of trade and to demonstrate how it is possible to amass in these days of interwoven society immense fortunes on legitimate lines of commerce. But such a fortune, accumulated out of the weavings of human life and the new combinations of human society, can only be legitimatized by wise administration with the silent partners in such a fortune fully in mind.

HENRY GANNETT, the directing head of the American Geographical Society, the promoter of knowledge on high lines, died in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

On November 10th MRS. CAROLINE SEVERANCE, who disputes with Julia Ward Howe the honor of being the mother of Woman's Clubs, passed away on the Pacific Coast in her ninety-fourth year.

Four days after, LORD ROBERTS, noble in his line (may he be the last of the line), died in his regimentals in his eighty-second year.

And last to receive mention while the Christmas bells are still ringing in the nation's ears, is JOHN MUIR, the Ralph Waldo Emerson of the Mountains, the wood god of the great trees, the father of Yosemite Park, the most notable alumnus of the University of Wisconsin, the man who glorified and justified the hyphenated title of Scotch-American.

Lastly let me mention the names of our own translated ones, the venerable sisters, Mrs. Dean Bangs, the oracle of All Souls Church, and Mrs. S. L. Angier, the serene sage; one lived on into her eighty-ninth year, the other reached the ripeness of ninety-two. Strong in life, beautiful in death!

Surely a year thus ennobled must not be maligned. There is something rich and good in the annals of 1914, is there not?

EVENTS OF THE YEAR.

It would take a discriminating eye and a skillful hand to array the events of the year in such a way as to persuade even a sympathetic audience that 1914 is not so black. Wars and rumors of wars engage the headlines of the papers, but in the plain text, in the more obscure columns of the daily papers have been recorded much heroism of a finer and higher quality than any ever displayed on the battlefields of Europe.

The year began with the ringing of joy bells in the industrial world as the great successful "Ford Motor Company" announced its profit-sharing plan, that ten millions were to be distributed annually among twenty-six thousand wage-earning employes, and further that the minimum wage of five dollars per day to its workmen would obtain, with the implication that it was expected that the workmen would earn the additional wages by their additional fellowship and more loyal and aggressive fealty to the common interest of employer and employe.

At the beginning of the year the last rock barrier was blasted away and the ninety-three mile tunnel brought the fresh water from the Catskills to the city of New York.

The first government railroad was authorized last year by Congress to be built in Alaska not more than 1,000 miles long at a cost of $40,000,000.

The United States Express Company, after doing business for sixty years, much of it exploited by high-

handed lobbying in Congressional vestibules, has gone out of business, giving way to the Parcel Post, which it opposed so strenuously, as well it might, for it was fighting for its life.

Spite of the irreverent sneer at "treaties," the ungracious, unscientific and unpatriotic talk about "scraps of paper," more diplomatic contracts between our nation and the nations of the world to settle their troubles by arbitration have been enacted than ever before; Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Japan and others. That solemn contracts have been broken is too sadly true. Let the nation that is without sin cast the first stone. Would that the United States could come into court with clean hands. So also notes have been repudiated, mortgages been evaded, marriage vows been violated. But this does not disprove the fact that the commerce of the world is made safe by the inviolability of contracts and by the sanctity of bonds. Paper bonds hold civilization to its best. And it is held there not by force of arms, but by the love of justice, the integrity of the human heart organized into states and nations.

During the last year Carnegie set aside his $2,000,000 foundation for the Church Peace Union, a chartered body pledged to use the income of the same in the advancement of peace. The world awaits with absorbing interest the outcome. Can the devotees of the varying religions unite on this great common cause in a way to make themselves felt in the council chambers of the nations?

Ground has been broken in Washington for the two-million-dollar memorial to Abraham Lincoln voted the year before. Much that is commendable and something not so commendable has been achieved by the non-militant nations. Much of humanity is represented by those nations that have not been mobilizing armies and destroying human lives. The Bulgarian parliament was dissolved by the King for incapacity. A Swedish cabinet resigned as protest against King Gustave's demand for increased armament. The Japanese House of Peers reduced their fund for new warships from sixty to forty-five million dollars. The German Emperor before putting on his uniform formally opened the reconstructed Kiel Canal.

The Panama Canal was formally opened to the commerce of the world and Congress cleared itself from the imputation of violating the sanctities of contracts by removing all discriminating fees.

Home Rule has been assured to Ireland and the Church has been dis-established in Wales.

Dr. Flexner in New York has announced that he has succeeded in isolating and transmitting the germ of Infantile Paralysis and Dr. Carrel and others have been doing strange things with the human heart; mending its lacerated tissues after suspending circulation and then setting it going again. The apparently dead have been made alive again not by miracle but by science.

Airships, submarine contrivances and mystic wireless achievements have all for the nonce been drafted into the service of war, but it is a case of Mars compelling Mercury to render unwilling service. Ariel is still god of the air. Aviation has finer inspirations and greater achievements than those inspired by or recorded upon battlefields. An aeroplane record of 20,564 feet or nearly four miles altitude has been achieved. A French dirigible has broken the record by remaining up in the air thirty-five hours and thirty-nine minutes, about a day and a half, and it is calculated that a German aeroplane has accomplished a flight of 1,350 miles before ever alighting.

Such achievements are but inadequate hints of the pacific triumphs that are being more and more efficiently interpreted by the fresh wonders of the cinematograph. The moving picture and the extension of the living voice are contributions to human brotherhood, bringing nations within the conscious limits of a family circle.

Back of these isolated triumphs lie astounding triumphs in the realms of legislation, the long cry for re-enforcement from the battle-line of progress has been heard and the splendid reserve corps of civilization, the women corps is being mobilized. Mothers, wives and daughters are coming to the help of fathers, brothers and husbands. The advance of Woman's Suffrage is the advance of the Kingdom of Love, the triumph of peace. This advance is inevitable.

And then above all these towers the overwhelming triumph toward sobriety. The silver lining to the war cloud is the national prohibition of vodka throughout the vast realm of the Russian Empire, the reduction of the gin shops of London as a protection to the soldiery, the rapid increase of dry territory in the United States, the abolition of the treacherous "side boards" in all the ships of the American navy, and the surprising fact that a movement looking toward national prohibition passed with a clear majority in the House of Representatives itself.

It is an anti-climax in this exhibit of the benign resources of 1914 to say that the government reports indicate a record-breaking harvest of 892,000,000 bushels of wheat and of 2,676,000,000 bushels of corn, unless the fertility of the earth justifies our faith in the fertility of the spirit.

BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

If there are any great books, clear new lights, to be found in the literature of 1914, I am bound to confess out of my pre-occupied ignorance that I am unacquainted with them. The great new poet that we have waited for year by year does not seem to have yet made himself felt. Even the "new poets" upon whom I counted much last year seem to have lost their vision and their fingers have forgotten their cunning. We had little to expect from Rudyard Kipling, the Poet Laureate of the camp, the interpreter of Tommy Atkins, but it is heart-breaking to find even William Watson, Alfred Noyes and their compatriots yielding to the psychology of the crowd, the dangerous inspirations of patriotism, trying to sing battle hymns rather than anthems of universal brotherhood.

To the readers of UNITY and the friends of the household of the liberal faith, at least, there is cause for rejoicing in the beautiful volume of poems entitled "Poems of Human Progress" put forth by our fellow-worker in New England, James Harcourt West, a brother of the open faith, one gifted with the Emersonian insight and the sympathies of Whittier. Well up in the eighties my yoke-fellow and colleague, E. P. Powell, has found time to render the gospel story in verse and it is refreshing to find how lyric the whole thing is, how rhythmic is the life of the Nazarene.

The poems of the Hindu poet, Rabindranath

Tagore, have been made available during the year. A new edition of the pungent, searching poems of Charlotte Perkins Stetson Gilman has been issued. An attractive volume of three Wisconsin Plays, written by Wisconsin writers primarily for the use of a Wisconsin dramatic association, is a significant sign of the times.

In the absence of any great novel or commanding new word in Philosophy or Poetry it is always safe to rejoice in the perpetuation of the noble through well edited lives.

Henry Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General of England, has been re-interpreted and revivified in a life by Miss Winifred Holt entitled "A Beacon for the Blind." The private and public life of Charles Parnell has been twice told by his brother and his wife. The story of Ulysses Grant has been told once more by General Charles King. We await a story written by one who is not a general. The civic life of General Grant is yet to be revealed, and the Lincoln books keep coming of which I have said there can be no poor one, the theme is so vital. Rose Strunsky, C. S. Beardslee, H. W. Wilbur, the late lamented leader of the Friends movement in Philadelphia, have each contributed studies of Lincoln this year. The life and genius of Nathaniel Hawthorne has been studied by Frank Preston Stearns. Van Wyck Brooks has given a sketch of John Addington Symonds. Letters of Edward Dowden, edited by his daughters; Reminiscences of Tolstoy by his son, must be full of life, as is the Autobiography of S. S. McClure.

Next comes those near studies of the immigrant problem by those who know whereof they speak: "A Far Country," by Abraham M. Rihbany, describing the passage of one who is still young from a stonemason's hut on Mt. Lebanon to the most honored pulpit in Boston, a pulpit made famous by the long ministry of James Freeman Clarke and Charles G. Ames; "From Alien to Citizen," by Edward A. Steiner, tracing the career of a poor Jew immigrant to a professor's chair in Grinnell College, Iowa; and the second book by that gifted child of Russian-Jew parents, Mary Antin, on the "Strangers Within Our Gates." They are all invaluable contributions to the study of the immigrant problem in the United States; demonstrations that go far to correct and if necessary to neutralize the academic forebodings dispensed to timid Americans from within college halls. "Behind the Bars," by Miss Winifred Taylor, is a book written with the heart's blood of one who was for many years the "Angel of the Prison at Joliet." These stories from real life go further than volumes of academic studies in criminology.

Alas that Königsberg, the home of the greatest of modern philosophers, the early father and prophet of the peace movement, should now be menaced by cannon. A new "Life of Immanuel Kant" is most timely.

The stream of fiction has kept on unabated. That there have been so many novels published must be evidence that still we are a novel-reading people. Many of them must be interesting, some of them must be good, perhaps a few will outlive the year. I cannot speak for I have read none of them.

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS.

Let Janus and not Terminus be the Divinity of the hour. Terminus, the god of Term, looks neither backward nor forward. He has no feet. Janus has two faces, one reverently contemplating the past, the other heroically facing the future. Among the problems which 1914 bequeaths to 1915 is the great growing Temperance Issue, the irrepressible advance of Woman Suffrage, the problem of the religious education of the Young and the Pacification of the World.

A word for each of these.

I have sufficiently indicated the inevitable trend of this movement toward sobriety. The most striking thing about it is that it has become the cry of the business man, the contention of trade, and that the leaders in this movement now are the "masters of industry," as was so strongly revealed only a few nights ago when the head of the Safety Department of the Chicago Steel Works at South Chicago showed us in our class how, by mere force of persuasion, economic argument and leadership of those high in authority, eight out of ten saloons that once lined the avenue that led into that industry which at its minimum employs six thousand workmen and at its maximum ten thousand men, were nailed up. He showed us the pictures and the camera tells no lies. There are only two saloons left, and the proprietor of one of the two had made overtures to this superintendent of the Safety Department, saying: "If you will give me a position in the shops that will guarantee me $2.00 a day, I will shut up my saloon. That is more than I am making now."

Supplanting these temptation holes where obscenity and vulgarity washed down the gallons of beer, there are now forty-two milk stations upon the inside of the works, and every noon forty-five hundred bottles of milk are sold to help wash down the contents of the dinner pails.

The Chicago *Tribune* in a recent editorial predicted it as not improbable that inside of ten years the whole United States would be committed to prohibition.

As to the woman's cause, it also is inevitable. The anxieties of the true reformer should be directed not to the hastening and advancing of legislation so much as the intensifying of woman's life on these high lines, that they may become indeed a relief corps and not an added perplexity. It is but a small step forward we make if we simply multiply the number of voters. Those who have dreamed that a better nation is coming, made such by women's votes, will be disappointed, if not discouraged, if they find that these new voters do but complicate the intrigues of the politicians, lend themselves to the curse of partisan bitterness, and fall before the seductive ambitions for position, power and publicity. Not until women can bring a maternal element into statecraft, until they are prepared to enlarge upon the home-making function of the State will they be real contributors to the advancement of civilization. All steps forward are not necessarily steps upward.

My third point is that of the religious education of the young. We are on the threshold of a more searching and radical discussion of this problem than we have yet dared to face. We have gone but a little way when we have separated the church from the state. We have achieved only the first step in spiritual freedom when we have escaped from the toils of ecclesiasticism. In assuming the roll of democrats we have assumed the solemn and high responsibility, that of spiritualizing the citizens of that democracy.

The contention of Catholic, Lutheran, and other

advocates of the parish school, cannot be dismissed by our cocksure assertion that the public school teaches religion by implication, and that morals are adequately enforced by discipline. I believe that the fundamental postulate of these supporters of parochial schools is unanswerable. A quickened mind that does not carry with it an appeal to conscience, that does not clarify the sense of right, and enforce the claims of duty, is a delusion and a snare. These churches are justified in the immense sacrifice they are making by supporting schools for children as a plus expense to the taxation that pays for the support of the public school, that thereby their children may be grounded in the fundamentals of the spiritual life as they conceive it.

Washington Gladden, in the last number of the *Atlantic Monthly,* states clearly the perplexity, but he does not pretend to offer a solution. For twenty-five years I have plead with the parents in this parish and fought with the school teachers in this neighborhood for an opportunity of talking about the fundamental things of religion in the life of the individual and the race, with the children who look to this church for religious inspiration and to this pulpit for religious instruction. I ask for them only for an hour a week from November to Easter time, and in the main I have been waging a losing battle through all these years. I have been enabled to snatch but a petty class each year, ranging from four to a dozen perhaps out of a possible constituency that ought to be counted by the scores. This hour of religious instruction which I offer on Friday afternoons comes into competition with the last hour of gymnasium work, the fear of lowering the marks in arithmetic or geography, and the dear mothers who do not wish to interfere with the pleasures of the child. The teachers who have been most reluctant to excuse their children for the last half hour of the week, have been sometimes those who assume leadership in the cause of education. Is this the equation? The routine of the school over and against an attempt to develop in the child a realizing sense of the potency of religion, an appreciation of the past in the light of religion, summoning to life's perplexity the sayings and doings of earth's noblest.

Dr. Finley, Commissioner of Education of New York, if I understand the newspaper items, has recently been inviting the representatives of the Catholic Church to come into the public schools of the state to teach their children under proper arrangements, the fundamentals of their religion. I have for years advocated some amicable arrangement of this kind. I foresee a time when for one half a day of each week, say Wednesday afternoon, the routine work of the established teachers will be suspended, the relentless grind of the so-called "secular" studies will be relieved and the child, and the room when necessary, be given over to such religious instruction, systematically pursued by such teachers as parents or pastor may elect.

But you ask, "What would you teach?" "Who is to decide?" I answer, the best thing in the father's and mother's heart, by the ablest man that commands their respect. Anybody representing convictions from Rome to Jerusalem, from a Methodist elder to Felix Adler and beyond. If our public schools were to provide for a religious half day in the week when the child might be made acquainted with the marvelous story of human development as written in the sacred books of the world as interpreted by their own pastor, elected by their own parents, it might save some of them from the graceless irreverence, the disrespect for organized religion, the complacent indifference to the classics of the spirit, which now too often characterize our otherwise "educated" young men and young women. That culture that is solicitous about Greek philosophy and English poets, but is indifferent to and ignorant of the great prophets of Israel and the holy confessors of the Christian centuries, is unscientific to say the least. 1915 brings to the feet of parents, teachers and preachers this fundamental and profound problem, how more adequately to teach the young the power of religion and the consolations and inspirations of the spiritual life.

The last problem I have in mind is one ever on our lips in these days. I will not this morning undertake to speak of the imperative demand for the pacification of the world. I only hurl back the impious and faithless sneer at the "Utopian dreamers" who are thinking and working for an organized world. If this is insanity alas for the sane. If this is wild unreason then let us relinquish our faith in human nature. The State is finding itself more and more in the pre-occupations of peace. The hero of 1914 in the American story is not any man in Washington or elsewhere who wears epaulets and dangles a sword at his belt, not that insignificant subaltern who demanded that an unrecognized outlaw should fire twenty-one blank cartridges to wipe away a technical disgrace to the flag, causing the mobilizing of our navy and army at a cost which nobody yet has disclosed. Our hero is rather Colonel Gorgas, whom our country loaned to the pestilent city of Johannesburg in South Africa, who by the consent of our government went to the relief of the most pestilential city on the map, Guayaquil, the metropolis of Ecuador. He taught them how to make of that city a winter resort such as Panama has become.

1914 says to 1915: "Never mind any more battleships for the United States, but see to it that this great democracy establishes its Department of Public Health at Washington with a Secretary in the Cabinet as it has had so long a Department of War and Colonel Gorgas, now General Gorgas, is the logical candidate for that position."

There are now reported in the United States 2,930 chautauquas, 808 of which were established in 1914; 2,200 of these are tent chautauquas. These represent the mobilization of mind, colleges moving out of their winter quarters in summer time, going into camp for the intellectualization of the common people, for the humanizing of the harsh and discordant elements of this age.

Friends, 1915 invites the faithful to re-consecrate themselves to the non-militant life. Here is a task that will discipline the indifferent and inspire with courage the advancing line.

In reverent gratitude for the year gone, may we turn our loyal faces towards the more blessed year to come. Amen.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Joseph Priestley Conference

At a meeting of the Joseph Priestley Conference, held at the Unitarian Church in Wilmington, Delaware, December 10, 1914, the following resolutions were passed unanimously, except the final paragraph of the first resolution, from which five persons dissented:

Resolved, That at this time of world struggle and upheaval, this meeting of the Joseph Priestley Conference of Unitarian Churches, assembled in session at Wilmington, Delaware, desires to place upon record its unwavering faith in the brotherhood of man and the righteousness of peace between nations; it views with horror and repugnance the present terrible conflict between the nations of Europe, and without assigning blame for the causes of the outbreak to any nation, emphatically declares that in its judgment all such conflicts between nations are futile as solutions of national disputes.

This conference further announces its uncompromising opposition to the spirit of militarism, wheresoever and in whatsoever form it manifests itself, and declares that peaceful co-operation is the only true law of Christian teaching for the righteous prosperity of nations. The conference therefore favors the reduction of all armaments to the lowest minimum of an efficient and international police force, charged with the duty of maintaining the peace of the world.

The conference rejoicing in the neutrality of the United States of America in the present conflict, assures the government of its hearty support in the maintenance of the same, and prays that this country may be the promise of a new era of world peace that may abide forever.

Resolved, That the Joseph Priestley Conference, in meeting assembled, deeply conscious of the terrible evil of the liquor traffic and the tragic outcome of the use of intoxicating drink, expresses its protest against this evil, and its sympathy with the work of the Unitarian Temperance Society.

Resolved, That the Joseph Priestley Conference, in meeting assembled at Wilmington, Delaware, approves of the principle of true democracy and expresses its sympathy with the effort to secure for the women of our country the right of sharing by their votes in our affairs of government.

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Joseph Priestley Conference that the Unitarian Church should take the initiative in every field of endeavor for the social uplift of the people, and thus demonstrate to all churches that no matter what may happen to break the hold of creeds, and render untenable ancient statements of faith, the church can still live as a most powerful instrument in every community for the preservation of all that is worth preserving in our civilization and for the continuous progress and advancement of mankind.

MABEL M. RORER, Secretary.

Is Our "Neutrality" Neutral?

EDITOR UNITY:—

Sir:—In all this agitation for peace on the part of Church unions and passing of resolutions calling upon the President to institute mediation or proffering the services of this nation, or any other neutral nation, to the end that the warring nations cease their bloodshed and wage war no more, one very important matter is overlooked, and that is, the peoples of this country who desire the war to continue. Every humane instinct in us deplores with horror and loathing, with pity, with infinite regret, this most needless warfare. The ghastly tales we read and the pictorial representations of what might be enacted in Belgium, Russia, France at this very moment, chill the blood and make each individual hair on our head stand on end. The human in us calls out to the war lords to lay down their arms. But we, who beg and petition, are few in number and weak. What of the manufacturers of war machinery and all the goods that are now being manufactured in this country for the belligerents? What are we doing to call upon the President of this country to suppress this, which booms business and sends a thrill of joy over the industrial world, at the receipt of an order for millions of bullets, millions of blankets, millions of saddles, horses, submarines or what not?

Here in this country we are indirectly encouraging the war. We send shiploads of food for starving Belgium and follow this with a shipload of ammunition. We contribute funds for food and clothing of the noncombatants from the profits of the bullets and contraband manufactured here, and then glow over the revival of business made possible by huge orders from some foreign power now at war.

In this vicinity, which is notorious for its war propaganda, submarines are under construction, horseshoes are manufactured, workingmen employed in day and night shifts to supply the demand, and we crow about the boom in business. We are not the only guilty ones.

This is typical of the nation. Place an order for anything needed in warfare by the nations now cutting each other's throats and we brag about our business boom. We need business. We need prosperity. But why petition Woodrow Wilson or Joe Cannon or Boise Penrose? Congress cannot do anything. But the people of this nation can do a whole lot. The nation can learn to abhor war and refuse to stain their hands with the blood of warriors, or shall we say, our comrades in arms.

I move you that America be called upon to lay down arms; to cease manufacturing firearms for Europe. I move you that the conscience of America be aroused to the infamy of its business in making the implements of war. Let it be known that a prosperity founded on the destruction of the good men and true who each in their way are fighting for what they hold to be right, is blood money. The word is harsh and so is the thing. But let the truth out. We are helping the war along. If we stopped the supplies of contraband—guns, horses, bullets, war machines, submarines, saddles, harnesses; if we refused to manufacture these things for Europe we might bring about peace. Passing resolutions at mass meetings or even churches will not do it.

Sincerely yours,

JOSEPH LEISER.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

PEACE.

SUN.—Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;
East, west, north and south let the long quarrel cease;
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began,
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man.
—*Whittier.*

MON.—O Beautiful, our Country!
Round thee in love we draw:
Thine is the grace of Freedom.
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem!
—*F. L. Hosmer.*

TUES.—With steadfast hearts we're marching on,
Peace on the earth to gain;
Our snow-white banners sweep the sky:
Who follows in our train?
—*Althea A. Ogden.*

WED.—We would learn today's new duties from each fresh occasion's plea;
We would lift our weaker brother with our love, where'er he be;
We would hush the mouth of cannon in all lands and on the sea,
As peace goes marching on.
—*Evelyn H. Walker.*

THURS.—Father, O save us from all worldly greed,
Guide us each day in thought, in word and deed;
In war's alarms send down thy peaceful dove,
Teach us to live in harmony and love.
—*Daniel C. Roberts.*

FRI.—Many evils, proud and tall,
Lording all the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall
If met by Daniel's Band.
Are you little, never fear,—
Dare to lend a hand!
You can be a giant's peer,
If once in Daniel's Band.
—*P. P. Bliss.*

SAT.—America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!
—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

TO A BABY OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Coming like the morning star
From unfathomed realms afar;
Flower of mingled sowings vast
In the generations past;
Promise of a strength and peace
Which shall day by day increase,—
Baby! Heir of all the earth
Art thou, by thy very birth!

Never in a happier day
Came a child on earth to stay:
All the comforts toil has wrought,
All the beauty art has brought,
Grace of every poet's song,—
All to thee by right belong;
While each year now counts as ten
In new benefits to men.

Walking where the light allures,
Wisdom, little one! Be yours
To distill in coming years
Further balm for human fears,
Adding thy few hopeful grains
To the harvest love attains,
Leaving earthly paths more sweet
In the passing of thy feet.

Poems of Human Progress. —*James H. West.*

How It Struck the Indian

An official long in the service of the office of Indian affairs at Washington tells of a powwow that once occurred between agents of the Department of the Interior and the red men on the reservation in Idaho. The meeting had been arranged by the government with the view of inducing the Indians to remove to another reservation, since the government wanted the land that the red men held for some purpose or other.

The negotiations were delicate and called for the exercise of the greatest tact and diplomacy. Accordingly, one of the best of the Interior Department officials was ordered to undertake the task of making the appeal to the Indians. The chief thing was to "get around" a certain stipulation in a treaty with the Indians whereby the government had agreed never to remove them from their present reservation.

The agent addressed the chiefs in these words: "The Great Father at Washington has heard with deep grief of your grievances. He said to himself, 'I will send my red children an honest man with whom they may treat.' So, friends, the Great Father, your protector, looks to the east, to the west, to the north, and to the south. His choice falls upon me. So, friends, look upon me, an honest man, sent to you. The winds of fifty years have blown over my head and silvered it with gray. During all those years I have never wronged any man. As your honest friend, then, I ask that you sign that paper."

At the conclusion of the agent's speech, one of the chiefs, a grim old fellow, replied as follows:

"Good friend, look at me. The winds of more than seventy years have blown over my head, and have whitened it, but, friend, they have not blown away my brains!"

With this the powwow ended.

Youths' Companion.

The Cost of War

I have just come back from Europe, where every nation has made a soldier out of every man fit to bear arms. And now the whole continent is impoverished and starving while its rivers run with blood of young men who have been killed by other young men, who had no quarrel with them at all.

And on both sides the best and bravest young men are killed in battle or die in disease, and those men that war could not use—the weak, the feeble, the men without courage—are left at home to become the fathers of the next generation. And after every war it is a long time, a century sometimes, before the lost strength comes back to a nation. When a young man gives his life to his country, he gives more than that. He gives the lives of all those who through the centuries ought to have been his descendants.

The law of heredity reads: "Like the seeds is the harvest." When the strong are taken away and leave no descendants, the men of the next generation are like those who are left behind to be its fathers.

David Starr Jordan in Boys' Life.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE NEWER UNITARIANISM.

From the Sunday *Bulletin* of the Church of the Unity, of St. Louis, we clip the following which deserves wider reading:—

"The Church of the Unity is a religious fellowship which strives for the perfecting of the personal and social life. Without doctrinal tests, it stands for freedom of thought for both pulpit and pew. It is Unitarian, not in the old controversial and divisive sense, but in that it seeks for the things that unite men, for the truth that is light on their pathway, for the love and steadfast goodwill that overcome their suspicion, hatred and strife, for loyalty to their visions of the perfect and to the ideals which are their life. It gratefully accepts and uses all that is true and morally inspiring in Hebrew and Christian tradition, and it endeavors to combine with this all pertinent and helpful truth from other sources, such as science and philosophy, history and comparative religion. We cordially welcome to our fellowship those who wish to keep their minds and hearts alive and growing, who desire to unite with us in the effort to

"'Understand our own age and the next
And make the present ready to fulfill
Its prophecy, and with the future merge
Gently and peacefully as wave with wave.'"

POPULAR GOVERNMENT LEAGUE CONVENTION.

The Second National Conference on Popular Government will be held in Washington on January 4th and 5th next. Headquarters and conference hall at the Willard Hotel. One of the themes to be considered is: "How can the Progressive Elements of all the Parties Get Together for the Control of Government?" The address of the president, Senator Robert L. Owens, of Oklahoma, will show that reactionaries are conducting a nation-wide campaign against popular government measures. Other subjects will be: First, "What is the Matter with the Direct Primary?" Vicious "jokers" in several primary laws which enabled machine politicians to control nominations in the last election will be discussed by men from these states. The short ballot and the preferential ballot as necessary adjuncts to the direct primary will be urged by experts. Second, "The Need for an Effective Federal Corrupt Practices Act." Reports showing corruption, coercion, and an excessive use of money in the last campaign will be made by men who know. Third, "The Problem of Publicity." How to get the truth regarding candidates and measures to the voters for intelligent action. Advocates of popular government throughout the country are urged to send representatives. Judson King is executive secretary of the league with headquarters at 1017 Munsey Bldg., Washington.

MAN'S RIGHT TO WORK.

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands—
They who have bodies like knotted oaks, and patience like sea-sands.

And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—
Not all your laws can strangle that right, nor the gates of hell destroy.
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.

—*Edwin Markham.*

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THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem?
The weary way, the winding way—
The roadside vineyards are stripped bare,
The little trees are gray.
Mary the Mother bowed her head,
"The way is long" she said.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem?
The dark begins to fall—
The village lights shine in the dusk,
There's food and fire for all.
Mary the Mother bowed her head,
"There is no room," she said.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem?
There is no open door—
The wide-eyed oxen give them place,
The hay is on the floor.
Mary the Mother bowed her head,
"Oh, fold me close," she said.

Who goes tonight to Bethlehem?
The East is kindled light—
The air is silver with a song,
And wings flash near and white.
Mary the Mother bowed her head,
"My little Son," she said.

—*Arthur Ketchum.*
Youth's Companion.

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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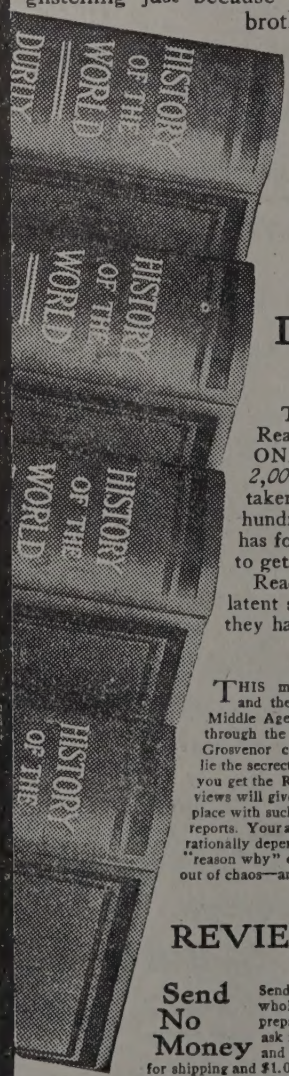

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